

A Monster That Does Not Exist

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YOU can understand the human race and contemplate and study passing events more clearly when you realize that CRIME, of which we hear so much, is really not an important thing, not a PERMANENT thing, and actually not a REAL thing. A man is born with certain attractions and passions and certain amount of power. And he has a brain which directs and controls his forces and expresses his emotions.

And when the machinery is out of order, the brain badly formed, the nervous system badly developed, the power of self-control and guidance insufficient, the man is what we call "a criminal."

He is simply a human machine out of order. And you may compare him justly to an automobile out of order.

Nobody speaks of such a thing as "a criminal automobile," or a criminal flying machine, or a criminal driving wheel.

Yet often the automobile, when the steering gear breaks, kills more than any criminal. And the flying machine, when a rod snaps, or the engine gives out, kills its freight. And the big driving wheel in a factory, when it bursts, may kill hundreds.

The automobile, flying machine and driving wheel are not "criminal." They are simply like the human being, organized individuals, possessing certain forces, obedient to certain attractions, gravitation, centrifugal force, etc. Normally they work harmoniously, usefully and safely, like the well-constructed human being, and they work harmfully and disastrously, like the human "criminal," when the machinery is out of order.

This will be a better and a more intelligent world when human beings realize that the criminal is a "machine out of order," one to be repaired, to be pitied, to be protected against itself, and against evil doing if necessary, but never hated.

We shall be more nearly civilized as a race when we cease to feel toward the criminal revenge, hatred or vindictiveness. We have reached the stage in treating the insane which we shall soon reach in the treatment of criminals.

In the old days they put the insane man or woman in a miserable stone cell, without any bedding, chained to the wall. And when the poor, insane mind protested and struggled and shrieked, the unhappy creature was beaten into insensibility or exhausted with the pouring of ice cold water.

The history of crime and the horrible history of insanity are told in a single page which describes Jack Sheppard, the famous English criminal, going to see his mother, a crazy woman in the asylum.

He saw her naked, chained to the wall with an iron band around her waist, lying on a little heap of wet straw, pounding her fists on the stone pavement, only to be whipped "for her bad behavior," and not long afterward Jack Sheppard, the son of the crazy woman, was taken to be hanged in due course, while the mob howled its hatred, a solemn judge having previously told him how "wicked and criminal" he was.

The mother was insane and was treated with brutality.

And the son, with a badly formed brain, born of an insane woman, was no more a criminal, in intention, than the judge on the bench.

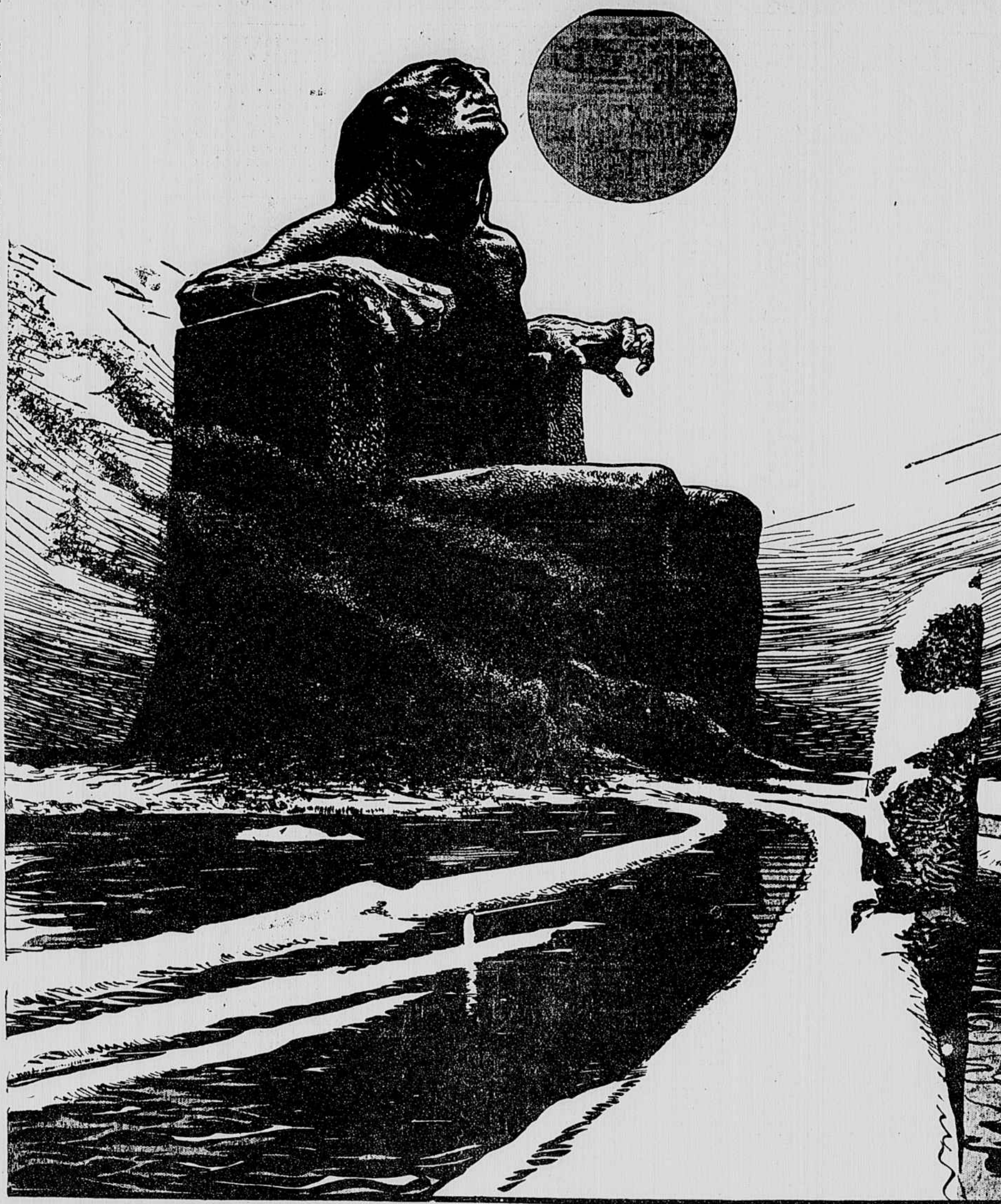
He was a badly made machine, and that was all.

Children should be taught to lose their fear of criminals, taught never to speak of criminals as a class apart, but rather to look upon the criminal as a man sick, suffering, almost invariably weak, and always to be pitied.

The descriptions of the criminal foolishly written in novels make of him a marvel of intelligence and of strength.

Almost without exception the criminal is dull, stupid, addicted to drugs and extremely feeble physically.

The writer of this article was invited by a judge in a great city to watch the criminals pass before him for sentence,



Men for Ages Have Talked, Written About and Feared a Thing Called "Crime" Which Actually IS NOT A REALITY. What We Call Crime and Wickedness Is Force Misapplied, Ignorance, a Brain Malformed, Opportunity Lacking.

The Real Nature of Man Is Upright, Truthful and Good. Crime in Its Different Branches Is Only Perversion, Misdirected Force and Energy.

The Day Is Not So Far Distant When It Will Fade Away and Be Forgotten, Existing Only in Memory and in History With Cannibalism, Leprosy and the Other Diseases and Vices of Ignorance and Barbarism.

Ten criminals appeared, one after the other, all guilty of burglary, or crimes of that nature. And not one of them weighed 150 pounds. Every one was a timid, shrinking, badly made, nervous, frightened creature.

And if one of them ever committed a murder it would simply be because fear drove him to killing a stronger, better man, whom he dreaded.

An experiment made by Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, proves distinctly two things:

First, that the criminal is at first glance a badly made machine, and, second, that women, and even young girls, possess an intuition which protects them against the human being badly constructed.

Lombroso asked a school mistress to show twenty portraits of thieves and twenty portraits of great men to the girls in her class.

There were thirty-two of the young girls.

Eighty per cent of the girls, that is to say, four-fifths of them, recognized immediately the twenty thieves as the bad people and the twenty great men as the good people—although they had never seen portraits of either criminals or great men.

Again Lombroso asked three doctors to examine photographs of 200 young men and pick out the criminal type. All three of them selected among the 200 the youth that was a criminal.

And a little girl twelve years old did exactly the same thing, and picked out "the bad face" among the 200.

Her instinct, the marvelous intuition with which nature protects women against bad men, made it possible for this child to identify the badly made human face. What is the use of calling that boy a criminal, of planning revenge upon him, when it was clear

to a child of twelve that he could not help himself, and needed only care and protection against himself?

You do not blame a lame man for not walking evenly. You do not hate a one-armed man because he has only one arm.

You have no right to blame or to hate those that are called "criminals" because they have not the brain, the nerves, the strength, the control that would have made them what you think they ought to be.

Criminals are weak physically, mentally and in every other way. A great French writer, observing the marked differences between men in prison and out, said:

"Their cringing and timid ways, the mobility and cunning of their looks, a something feline about them, something cowardly, humble, suppliant and crushed, make them a class apart. One

would say, dogs who had been whipped; hardly, here and there a few energetic and brutal heads of rebels."

It is important for fathers and mothers to remember that crime is a combination of mental weakness and cruelty.

And cruelty is largely based on imitation. A child that SEES cruelty is apt to be cruel.

The child that SEES kindness practises kindness.

One scientist found that cruelty practised in childhood was a forerunner of criminality later. He describes a child brutally beaten by its parents that used to take young birds, pull out their feathers and burn them alive. "He was revenging himself upon the birds for the punishment imposed upon him by his parents."

When that child grew up a criminal the fault was not with him, but with the parents that gave him a bad brain to start with, and then made it worse by beating him. If your brain is so poor that you can't bring up your children without a club, pity yourself and them.

It must be remembered that crime is something apart from what we call honesty. The general supposition is that men are naturally honest, and that civilization has made them dishonest.

As a matter of fact, primitive man was naturally a thief, and civilization has made many of him honest.

Savages are all dishonest except where their own immediate family or tribe is concerned.

The remote ancestors of everybody now living practised murder and theft, and considered both highly honorable.

That had nothing to do with crime; it was business, the way of making a living.

Little by little men have outgrown dishonesty and murder, and taken up other kinds of business.

Once upon a time all killed those whom they did not know. Two of the lowest type of English laborers were talking together, when a Frenchman asked one a question.

"What did he say?" asked the second laborer. "I don't know; he is a foreigner."

"Then," said the second laborer, "why didn't you 'it 'im?"

A Maori chief, a very high type of the savage, expressed very simply to a questioner the moral view which once prevailed with every one of us—before we had acquired our little coating of civilization. Said he:

"If I go out for a morning walk with my spear, and I see a man, and I push my spear through him, that isn't murder—that is 'killing.' But if I invite him to my home, give him food, tell him to sleep, and then kill him, that is 'murder.'"

This savage had reached the stage when it was all right to push his spear through a man whom he didn't know, but wrong to kill a man after pretending to be his friend.

Such ancient methods of collecting property, getting rid of strangers and enjoying life were common among all of us when we were savages in the different countries where our races began.

That has nothing to do with what we now call crime.

We call crime now that which the policemen watch, that which the judges punish, and that which the prisons punish and greatly increase. It is simply weak, misdirected energy, badly formed brains, defective education, poverty, that starves the body and stunts the mind.

The race as a whole is healthy, hopeful, means well, abhors crime and cruelty.

And that little percentage of so-called "criminals" which attracts so much attention will disappear entirely when the bigger, stronger and better men shall have realized that they should pity, help and protect, NOT HATE, their unfortunate, weaker, misdirected brothers.